

humped him furiously, fully clothed — two hot frantic minutes that culminated in, for Jackie, a scream and a shudder from down deep in her soul, while Ronnie, stunned but genitally cooperative, lay back to watch the white whirlwinds that had been stirred up by Jackie's whipping, snapping mane of hair.

Ronnie tossed the cold remains of his coffee across the alley and stood up and called through the screen door. "Bye, Jackie. I'll see ya tomorrow." Jackie came to the door and stared through the screen at him and said, "I think maybe you better not come. I get another doughnut maker." Ronnie was silent, looking straight into her clear brown eyes. He nodded and turned and walked away. He showed up for his next shift at the regular time, and Jackie didn't say anything about any new doughnut maker; she just kept herself very busy, and stayed out of arm's reach, bustling wordlessly around the perimeter of the kitchen, leaving vibrations and tiny unseen tornados in her wake.

#### BLUE CORDUROY

The morning view of the ocean from atop the beach bluff of the endless line-up of unbroken waves rolling shoreward had the look of blue corduroy, so perfectly regular was the spacing of the giant breakers.

Ronnie Tagge unstrapped his surfboard from the roof of his car and tripped down the wooden beach-access stairway and padded across the sand and hit the water, slid onto his board and paddled out to the crowd of fellow surfers who were waiting for their perfect wave. He had a tale to tell them, a tale of an unplanned carnal encounter with his boss at the doughnut shop on top of the wooden work table.

The young men sat on their boards, arms crossed, rising and falling in the swells, and listened to Ronnie's somewhat fictionalized (he removed some clothing that had actually remained in place, changed the experience from dry to wet) version of the events. The guys were impressed. They all patronized Nguyen's Donut Shop on their surf safaris up and down the coast route, and they had all checked Jackie Nguyen out, had all flirted unsuccessfully with her.

The guys barked like seals as Ronnie wrapped up his story, and then a comparatively large set of waves rolled through, and the surfers picked their spots and paddled in front of the moving blue mountains and were lifted, as if by God's hand, and then tucked into His pocket as the waves tubed over the reef of submerged riprap boulders that shielded the sewage outfall pipe from His surging power.